

WILDCAT HUNTING.

One of the Favorite Sports of the Dwellers in Lower California.

"There she is!"
"Don't fire!"
"Give the dogs a chance!"

They and many other disconnected sentences came from a crowd of ladies and gentlemen well mounted and close upon a pack of eager hounds, were rushing into a thick patch of under-brush in the center of the Arroyo Seco, a dry canon or river just back of Pasadena, Cal.

The gulch was well filled with tall trees from whose branches there fell in rich festoons masses of wild grape and clematis that formed ropes that deftly caught riders beneath the chin, and so tied up the dogs that they often became fouled and yelped in vain in the tangled mass. The party had started half a mile down the clearing and had followed up the eager dogs that had now tired game of some kind, and, as they gathered about the broken popular high up in one of the branches, there appeared a long, lithe body clinging to the limb, while over the side peered the ugly face of the wildcat. Excitement had been at fever pitch when the hounds struck the trail, but now that the animal was in full view, it fairly bolted over, even the horses appearing to be carried away by it.

"Stand back, ladies!" shouted one of the hounds, who carried a light rifle, "sometimes a cat will jump for her life, and they will scratch when they land."

The ladies fell back a little, and a youngster in the party volunteered to climb the tree and dislodge the common enemy. Handing the bridle of his horse to a rider, he seized the pendent grape-vine and swung up into the tree and a few moments later was making his way along the branch toward the clutching cat. She was so intently engaged in looking at the dogs that at first she did not see him, but when he rounded the trunk she suddenly caught sight of the new enemy, drew back with a quick growl, glanced this way and that, and, measuring the chances, and, perhaps, would have jumped down, but the dog, dexterously struck her from behind and down she fell with a scream of rage into the red mounds below. The blood and fur flew, for puss was game, and not a few good dogs backed out, wiping their heads and ragged ears. But the game was up, and it was with great difficulty that the skin was saved for the rug which is the trophy of the wildcat hunt.

Hunting in this short-tailed feline is a feature of the Southern California out-door sports. The deep canons that radiate down from the Sierra Madres form their retreat and that of large game in general. After a rain the hunts are organized, and then the paw marks are distinctly seen and the scent fresh, and, as the storm clouds blow away from the mountain sides and the warm sun comes out, the bay of the hounds of some sportsman is nearly always heard. The wildcat of this country is a large, powerful animal, approaching the lynx, also found here, in size and general appearance, and large enough to inflict dangerous wounds upon man or beast.

On one occasion the hounds came upon a fresh scent in an extremely narrow place in the canon, where precipitous rocks rose on one side and heavy brush on the other. The dogs rushed into the latter, and a moment later a large cat bounded into the narrow stream and began an ineffectual scramble up the rocky sides. A bullet struck her side, she ran a few steps, then turning with a roar of rage, she leaped directly into the air, fell upon the neck of a broncho, dismounted the rider in the melee, and before she could be dislodged tore and lacerated the animal in a fearful manner. Kittens are often seen in play to take one another in their mouths and to scratch with their hind feet, and it was this plan that was adopted by the cat. She fastened her claws into the broncho's neck, and with sharp hind claws ripped through the animal's neck, then fell among the dogs, to be torn to pieces amid a protest that showed it to be among the gamest animals.

"You may talk about your mountain lion," said an old hunter as we rode slowly up the Arroyo one early morning after the rain, with the whimpering dogs all about, "but I would rather take my chances with one any time than with a pair of wildcats at close quarters." It just goes to show that you can't know them when you see them, and they are just bound to have it out if it takes all summer. They fight worse when there is a pair, just like a mountain lion."—Philadelphia Times.

A DECREASING BIRTH RATE.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Growth of the Human Race.

Another British statistician, Mr. Mulhall, has contributed some interesting information lately on the subject of the growth of the United Kingdom, which contains, at the same time, many encouraging and discouraging facts. Mr. Mulhall finds, for instance, that while the population of the United Kingdom is increasing only 12 per cent per decade, its wealth is growing 22 per cent during the same time, its wealth 200 per cent.

In medical statistics it is shown that the death rate is rapidly decreasing, that fewer children die and that people live to much greater age than formerly. But what particularly strikes Mr. Mulhall and alarms him for the future of Great Britain is the fact that the proportion of births to the population is steadily decreasing and has been decreasing for years. Births per 1,000 of population fall from 5 to 3 per cent a year in the period 1881-85, as compared with 1878-80, while the marriage rate declined only 1-2 per cent.

Mr. Mulhall recognizes the fact that these figures "give ground for an apprehension of physical decadence," and calls upon the British Medical Association to make a report upon it at the next session.

Examining the figures by geographical division, he finds that in most of the cases of over death, or at the rate of 14.3 per 1,000 inhabitants in England and Wales, 13.9 in Scotland and only 6.4 in Ireland. This is especially significant in view of the fact that marriages are not as childless in Ireland as in England, and more children are born to each marriage; but on the other hand, the marriage rate in Ireland is now the lowest in the world, and is steadily declining.

The result of the decrease in the rate of the emigration of men and women in the prime of life. The result of this low birth rate is very unfavorable to the country, the decrease in births amounting to 55,000 per year, as compared with the last decade.

Such facts as these are always alarming, but a low birth rate seems to come with civilization and wealth. France has reached nearly a stationary position in regard to population, the number of births being just sufficient to keep up the population. New England has about reached that state, and its population would in all probability decline but for immigration, and Mr. Mulhall's figures

would indicate that Great Britain, in the past poured forth millions of people to colonize the world, is rapidly approaching that condition of physical decadence where the number of births will be barely sufficient to prevent a decline in the population of the country.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sleipner in the Air.

The quantity of burnt sulphur that escapes into the air is very great. Seven and a half millions of tons of coal are annually consumed in London. Now, the average amount of sulphur in English coal is 1-4 per cent. That would give 93,750 tons of sulphur burned every year in London fires. If we consider that on an average twice the quantity of coal is consumed on a winter day, no less than 347 tons of sulphur are thrown into the atmosphere every winter day in London. That is a惊人的 quantity, quite sufficient to account for the density of the fog in that city. But would it be advisable to diminish the escape of sulphur from the chimneys? Is it not better to "bear the ills" of the fog than "fly to others," which the absence of sulphur might encourage? Burned sulphur is not an unmitigated evil. During the fog the air is still and stagnant; there is no current to clear away the deadly germs that are being vomited into the air from the pestilential beds of the lower slums. These death laden germs might be more fatal in the propagation of the disease than the decaying and antiseptic properties of the sulphur were not busy at work.—Boston Herald.

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DON'T YOU WORRY.

How Shrewd Business Men Have Solved a Great Problem.

"Is there a fatality among our prominent men?" is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to answer it.

We sometimes think that if the physicians would give part of the energy to the consideration of this question that they give to combating other schools of practice, it might be satisfactorily answered.

The fights of "isms" remind us often of the quarrels of old Indian tribes, that were only happy when they were annihilating each other.

If Allopathy makes a discovery that promises good to the race, Homeopathy derides it and breaks down its influence. If Homeopathy makes a discovery that promises to be a boon to the race, Allopathy attacks it.

It is absurd that these schools should fancy that all of good is in their methods and none in any other.

Fortunately for the people, the merit which these "isms" will not recognize, is recognized by the public and this public recognition, taking the form of a demand upon the medical profession, eventually compels it to recognize it.

Is it possible that the question has been answered by shrewd business men? A prominent man once said to an inquirer, who asked him how he got rich, "I got rich because I did things while other people were thinking about them." It seems to us that the public have recognized what this fatality is, and how it can be met, while the medical profession have been wrangling about it.

By a careful examination of insurance reports we find that there has been a sharp reform with reference to examination (and that no man can now get any amount of insurance who has the least development of kidney disorder), because they find that sixty out of every hundred in this country do, either directly or indirectly, suffer from kidney disease. Hence, no reliable company will insure a man except after a rigid urinary examination.

This reminds us of a little instance which occurred a short time ago. A fellow editor was an applicant for a respectable amount of insurance. He was rejected on examination, because, unknown to himself, he had not need to work. He did not work, but what do you mean by calling a man lazy who could be the hero of this story? He had a most expensive suite of rooms and no end of extras. A friend went up to call on him in the forenoon and found him just at breakfast. He was drinking tea and eating toast and things. His manner was easy and delectable, and he looked calmly across the room and asked, "What's the matter?" he said, "Walter, I want another cup of tea." "Certainly, sir," said the waiter, and he calmly walked to the table, took up the teapot and poured the tea into the cup. "Thank you," said the editor, and went out with his breakfast.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CANCER CAN BE CURED.

Operations Serve in Every Case to Prolong Life—Interesting Statistics.

The question whether or not cancer is curable by operation is one of vital importance to those who may have cancer, as it is particularly difficult to treat, but statistics prove that it is not.

In estimating the value of operations for cancer we must consider the duration of the disease when left to itself. In 1875, in 139 cases, gives the duration of life in 75 not operated upon as 48 months, while in the remaining 64, where one or more operations had been performed, the life average was 58 months. Similar, in 84 cases, makes the average 62 months in cases not operated upon, and 63 months in cases operated upon. The longest duration of life is not operated upon is 12 years, in the case of 18, the average being 18 years.

The editor expressed surprise at the agent's faith, but the latter replied: "This point is a valuable one. Very many insurance agents all over the country, when they find a customer rejected for this cause, give similar advice, and eventually he gets the insurance."

What are we to infer from such circumstances? Have shrewd insurance men, as shrewd business men, found the secret answer to the inquiry? Is it possible that our columns have been proclaiming, in form of advertisements, what has proved a blessing in disguise to millions, and yet by many ignored as an advertisement?

In our files we find thousands of strong testimonials for Warner's safe cure, no two alike, which could not exist except on a basis of truth; indeed, they are published under a guarantee of \$5,000 to any one who will disprove their correctness, and this offer has been standing we are told, for more than four years.

Undoubtedly this article, which is simply dealing out justice, will be considered as an advertisement and be rejected by many as such.

We have not space nor time to discuss the proposition that a poor thing could not succeed to the extent that this great remedy has succeeded, could not become so popular without merit even if pushed by a Vanderbilt or an Astor.

Hence we take the liberty of telling our friends that it is a duty that they owe to themselves to investigate the matter and reflect carefully, for the statements published are subject to the refutation of the entire world. None have refuted them; on the contrary, hundreds of thousands have believed them and proved them true, and in believing have found the highest measure of satisfaction, that which money cannot buy, and money cannot take away.

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THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, President.

ALSO WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

The Largest Assortment in the United States at Very Low Prices. Samples sent if desired. Correspondence invited.

LOSSES PAID IMMEDIATELY UPON COMPLETION AND APPROVAL OF PROOFS.

IN CASE OF LAPSES THE POLICY IS CONTINUED IN FORCE AS LONG AS THE VALUE WILL PAY FOR; OR, IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID, THE POLICY IS FOR ITS FULL VALUE.

AFTER THE THIRD YEAR POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE, EXCEPT AS TO INTENTIONAL FRAUD; AND ALL RESTRICTIONS AS TO TRUST OR INSURANCE ARE REMOVED.

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